

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, APRIL, 1, 1864.

No. 2.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Three things on which the Portsmouth Council is solid: A mule bus service, the dog tax, and the goose question.

If King Ben had failed to secure the Portsmouth franchise, and had said that he didn't care, it could scarcely have been called a case of sour grapes, but rather one of Per Simmonds.

A good many have asked the meaning of the word "Luthier," used in our last. Why, geigenmacher, of course.

Our grounds seem to have a strange attraction for the thousands and thousands of geese, dogs and cows owned by the frugal villagers, who may have theories regarding the satisfying qualities of a "Governmental diet." It is whispered that these visitors will be asked for tickets of admission by the urbane gate keeper, who has had his sleuth hound's teeth filed for the season's campaign.

Navigation was opened by Katie, Harold and Billy, who went to sea in the dingey, on the 19th, very shortly after the ice floated out. They should all claim the customary head-gear from the harbor master of Hatters Bay, which bay we should naturally expect to be the birth-place of all harbor masters, if there is anything in a name.

The ice storm on Good Friday was a blessing in disguise, as it kept the birds and squirrels at home. On this day in particular, the small boy with a gun, is always ready to destroy poor robin red-breast, and his companions, who certainly deserve a more hospitable welcome.

When Mr. Folger gets through with the Penitentiary hill, Jack and Jill will find their occupation gone.

Who saw the Sun dogs on Good Friday eve? They were a beautiful sight, and we should like the inventor of the bottle barometer to pronounce on their cause and meaning.

Mr. Kivas Tully and Inspector Christie visited Rockwood on Mar. 23rd.

Work on Beech Grove has been resumed, much to the disgust of all the horses.

Mar. 25.—The Football season opened to-day, and is to be continued until Autumn, when a gradual extinguishing of the lesser lights, beginning with the Cadets and ending with the Queens, is to be undertaken.

Of course we blushed when reading all the flattering things the Whig and News said about the "Review," and appreciated the good advice given.

Probabilities, — That we shall have the smallest circulation of any paper east of Toronto.

THE ACTOR'S PREDICAMENT.

A TRUE STORY.

We were talking about the old days when he was one of the Stock Company at the Alhambra, the retired actor suddenly said. I tell you what it is sir, I have had some queer experiences in my day, but none more embarrassing than the incident I will relate. We had been playing Mazeppa for some time with Miss M. as Star, George in one of the leading parts, and your humble servant, as a Polish Peasant. As a matter of fact, business was not good; the manager was not a success, and the manager's wife, although willing, even if fat and pigeon toed, to play any part from Juliet to Joan of Arc, could not keep harmony among the actors. Geo. H. was in love with Miss M., and as salaries were overdue to both of the leading artists, there was bad blood between George and the manager. Mazeppa was no longer a drawing card, and Black eyed Susan was substituted. Never shall I forget the night of the first and as it happened, the last performance. Miss M. played William and George, Susan; a reversal of parts that was thought likely to prove attractive to the general public. At one portion of the play, William, condemned to death, is expected to walk a plank to a yard arm, at the end of which a rope with noose is dangling. It is a critical moment, and just as William is supposed to be hanged, Black eyed Susan, having received a reprieve, rushes forward with a loud scream. The scream is an important cue, and in this case was to be done by one of the ballet girls, as George's voice was hardly suited to the part. Everything went on well, and apparently at the right moment, just as William (Miss

M.) was walking the plank, the scream was heard. I was standing in an imposing attitude, holding the rope to put over the victim's head. Suddenly Miss M. paused in her walk, made a wild rush past me, shoving me off the plank and running rapidly to the wings. In the excitement of the moment, the noose slipped around my neck, and I was left dangling at the end of the yard arm, and so remained for several minutes, while a riot took place in the wings. The audience thought this was the best part of the performance, and applauded roundly, but I can assure you that when I was cut down I was nearly gone, and felt as if my neck was at least a foot longer than it had been previously. The scene had been caused by a personal encounter between George and the manager, about unpaid salaries. The scream was uttered by the manager's wife, and had been taken as a cue by Miss M., who rushed to her lover's assistance, who soon perceived the state of affairs. In the melee that followed, the prompter's box was upset, and the poor old prompter badly injured; but the manager and George wore a battered and bruised appearance. I joined the stiff-necked party, and poor Miss M. fled to Paris, where she died in less than a week after the incident referred to occurred.

FIRST ROBIN.—The very first real and authentic red-breast was seen at Rockwood on the 5th March.

A STRATFORD CARNIVAL.

On Lake Victoria's frozen brink,
Stands the stately pile of Strat-
ford's rink ;

This massive work of builders' skill,
Is humbly placed below the hill.
Its broad facade is cupola-crowned,
Fit ornament for loftier ground.
And many the skaters that gather
there,

Whose mirth and laughter fill the
air ;

Free from studies, free from cares,
The happy hours pass unawares.

But this the night of all the year,
The Lord of misrule reigneth here.
And why this rout,—this festive
throng,—

These peals of laughter loud and
long ?—

A Carnival,—a Masquerade,—

A time of frolic for youth and maid,
For many bachelor, beau and belle,
For all who love the sport so well.
Prithce, who is it cometh here,
A noble Prince, or Cavalier ?

Oh no ! 'tis courtly Page in crimson
dress,

Belonging to time of " Good Queen
Bess ; "

The rustle of regal robes you hear,
As Elizabeth herself doth now ap-
pear.

Sir Walter's gallantry might be dis-
played,

Towards his ruler, queenly maid,
But crystal pavement, formed of ice,
Prevents the following of such de-
vice.

The Quakeress prim, in gown of
grey,

Sweetness personified, they say,
Goes gliding by with armored
Knight,

His coat of mail all gleaming bright,
The sombre Nun in black array,
Escorted by Mandarin from Cathay,
Skims swiftly down the lighted hall,
Admired, adored, by one and all.

But what are these, the Fairy
sprites ?—

Lovely children, dainty mites,
Disguised as maid, elf, and fay,
Come from fairyland to stay
This one glad night with mortals
gay.

Witch and wizard, hobgoblin ghost,
From elfin realms there troops a
host ;

From history's page, they are a few ;
Crusader, Black Prince, now we
view,

Here Friar Tuck, in garments
coarse,

Richard III, without his horse,
Mary Scotia's well-loved Queen,
Joan of Arc of martial mien.

Arts' devotees, too, we find,
Music and painting brought to
mind.

Soldiers, sailors, jolly jack-tars,
Middies, admirals of many scars ;

The impish clown, the jester merry,
The gypsy girl as brown as berry ;
Many nations swell the throng ;

Peasant maidens rush along,
Italian, Spaniard, famed in song,
Swiss, Norwegian, in the dance,

None more gay than her of France.
Highland chief in tartan plaid,
Dashes past with Turkish maid.

Creations of the poet's dream,
Juliet, Titania, Portia seem

With human life endowed,
The shifting scene's a motley crowd.

'Twas out a transient sight,
And naught is left but ebon night.

The clash of skates, the glint of steel,
The gladsome shout, the merry peal
Of laughter gay and bright,

The music soft, and radiant light,
All are gone. The thickening
gloom

Is dark and silent as the tomb,
Vanished e'en those of magic lore,
And the fantastic pageant is no
more.

"Pessica"

THE DAIRYMAIDS.

The Dairymaids met in convention,
And marched to and fro,
Milking stools in a row;
From the left to the right,
Tied with ribbons so bright,
Which they brought to the order,
"attention!"

They advance, they retreat,
They look graceful and sweet;
They divide, they retire,
And their style we admire,
While their dresses deserve special
mention.

One sang a most musical solo.
A quaint little maid,
All in muslins arrayed;
Of the joys of the farm,
With her pail on her arm,
While she called to her bossy cow,
"so-ho!"

And her sweetheart in vain,
Her attention to gain,
In his neat corduroy,
"A broth of a boy,"
Danced around while the maiden
said, "no-no!"

And then they all sang in a chorus,
The farmer and man,
And the big tin can;
And even the pump,
With a skip and a jump,
Came rollicking out quite up-
roar'ous.

And the supper horn blew,
As they vanished from view:
The ghost of the hawk,
Found legs and could walk.
The maids at the call,
And the men one and all,
As the curtain descended before us.

Mar. 8th -T, Long reports the Song Sparrow in the grounds to-day.

J. Lawler heard Blue birds this morning.

A PASTORAL JOKE.— The following joke was heard uttered "sotto voce" by a patient in our Hospital, on the night of the performance of the Cantata, called the Dairymaid's Convention. One of the milkmaid's was singing a bewitching solo, in which there was frequent reference to a cow. A rustic lover was paying mute address to the fair maid, and although he acted admirably, his somewhat slight build attracted the patient's attention. The critic listened quietly for a few minutes, and then said: "It is all right about the cow, but just look at those calves."

FIELD NOTES.—About the middle of May we begin to look for the two Trilliums that are to be found very commonly distributed in our woods. Of these the Wake Robin, or as it is known in the books, Trillium Erectum, is less frequently found, and cannot be called as beautiful as the paler variety. It is a dark red flower, with three sepals and three petals; it has one stalk with three leaves pointed at the end. The root is a bulb with rootlets shooting out on every side. I do not think that this is, by any means, one of the most beautiful flowers, but it is mentioned as it comes so early. About the time of its appearance we always look for the "Adder's Tongue or Dog Toothed Violet," one of the very commonest of the wild flowers about Beech-grove and Hat-wood. The flower is a drooping yellow bell, of great beauty, with bright reddish stamens. The two leaves between which the flower rises are of a lovely green, mottled with blotches of brown. The root is a bulb without rootlets.

Before our next issue our Western friends should report the arrival of the Spring Beauty and Hepatica. Who will send us the first specimen?

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

DAIRYMAIDS' CONVENTION SUPPLEMENT.

Rockwood has been the scene of many entertainments, but the Public Performance of the Dairy-maids' Convention, eclipsed everything that has gone before. The Programme was long, our "Review" is small, so those persons not especially mentioned, must attribute their neglect to want of space, for as a matter of fact, everything was so good that harsh criticism would be out of place. The general public responded to the invitation extended by the employees, and when the curtain rose, an audience of six hundred was present; an audience both intelligent and good natured. First came a couple of selections by our Brass Band, and of course Mr. Madill wielded his baton with energy and skill, while the players surprised the city folks by their effective playing. Now followed a bright overture by the Orchestra, in which the "little man in the tin shop" showed that he had by no means exhausted his resources, when he had, with the versatility of a Demorgan family, played on the big drum, little drum, cymbals, triangle, xylophone and cuckoo.

The Vocal Octette, "The Girl I left Behind," was daintily and beautifully sung, and when we say that Messrs. Potter and McGeein danced better than ever before, all understand how great was their success.

The Solos, Shall I Love in Vain, and the Spider and the Fly, by J. Shea and Miss Convery, were given in capital style, while Mr. Madill's Clarinet Solo was brilliant and artistic.

Mr. Cochrane sang well, and we heard one young fellow declare that he could not decide, which he liked best—Cochrane's tragedy or Shea's nonsense,—but fear of the

pistol made us decide in favor of the "Tailor and the Crow." Even if the Tailor called for his blunderbuss, he didn't get it, and Mr. C. not only carried a gun, but what was worse, fired it off.

Now came the Grecian Statues, in which Cain killed Abel, showed remorse and then fled, only to appear smiling in the next act, as Samson carrying the Gates of Gaza. We didn't see the Gates, but the lecturer said they taken were there. We will take his word for it. Ajax defied the lightning, but in spite of this winked when Dr. Buchan turned the lime light on him. Of course the Statuary looked well.

Now followed the Dairy-maids' Convention. How pretty the Dairy-maids looked, even if their dresses were not just the same as real Dairy-maids wear, and yet editors of our years will vote for the girls of the Convention every time. The scene opened with a view on the Agricultural Farm, Mr. Shea singing that the cows were coming down the lane, but fortunately for our peace of mind they did not come. Soon the Dairy-maids and Cow-boys came trooping on the Stage, and sang that they were hastening to the milking, although they did not seem in a hurry, but finally went off. Mr. Shingle, jr., came out on tip toe, with a gun and green coat, and spied pretty Phyllis. They sang a lovely song, and although they heard the cows in the clover, did not go to them for a long time. Shingle wanted to accompany her milking, to which she readily consented.

Miss Nicholson in "The Little Maid," Miss Convery in "The Bells," Misses Orser in their Solos,

all deserved the hearty applause given, and Miss Trendell deserves the thanks of all, as no doubt the success of the entertainment depended to a great extent on her efforts.

The Chorus of milk cans (with legs), the pump, and a piece of chalk (more like a sack of meal), was capital, the farmer's wife, beyond criticism, although we might say that the foaming pails were truly, in the language of the day, "out of sight." Mr. Shingle's dinner horn was somewhat out of tune, but no one seemed to care.

The girls went through their drill in a way that must have made the Volunteers present green with envy.

The performance wound up with a Farce described as racy, and could not have been improved upon. Mr. McCammon's local jokes were not rude, and brought down the house. Mr. Davidson's acting was decidedly clever, and of course McCammon and Shea kept everyone in a roar.

The following persons took part:—Miss Forsythe, Miss H. and B. Convery, Misses N. and M. Orser, Miss O'Brien, Miss Fitzgibbon, Miss A. Stewart, Miss Nicholson, Mrs. Woodrow, Miss Maloney, Miss Macdonald, Messrs. Shea, Davidson, Cochrane, McCammon, Robinson, Williamson, Johnston, Argue.

Is it true that Cochrane subsidized the "Whig," and that Shea always comes out in front after an entertainment to hear criticism, rather than to see if the gas is all right. These questions would be in the Puzzle column.

Who dropped the milk stool in the Drill?

Williamson's bass was the salvation of the Chorus.

We are still in doubt which character Mr. Shea took. It is the old question, "The Tailor or the Crow," which?

McCammon's "get up" was simply immense, and was surpassed only by Davidson's coat.

Is it true that the Dinner horn was tuned to harmonize with the Piano?

It is said that Davidson objected to playing the part of Pump, urging that it made him look so stiff.

Dr. Buchan's photograph of the troupe is a success, although fault has been found with the grouping. Is it the old story of Romeo and Juliet? We think all of the characters deserved to be in the front row.

Mr. Carr snapped three "E." strings, when Solon struck a note or two short of high "F."

The Chorus of the Cans deserve 1 two re-calls.

Chalk seemed to take his position a very seriously, but sang well in spite of it all.

George's contra bass is becoming a very important part of the Orchestra, but what would the bass be without George?

The universal opinion is that the Black Shows will have to remain in oblivion for a year or two, and it would not be a bad idea to send the green coat with them.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

The Oriole comes to Kingston generally in May. It is a little smaller than a Cat bird. In color, the male is a beautiful combination of orange and black, the head wings and tail are jet black, and the rest of the bird a bright orange. The hen is not so bright in color, and looks more like old gold. The nest is very remarkable, and is built far out on the limbs of elm trees, where it is hard for boys and squirrels to get at; the nest is hanging, and is a long pouch with a hole in the top, and is woven out of yarn, rags, hair and pieces of bark.

The eggs are four to five in number, and are a sort of pinkish or bluish, marked with streaks of brown. The Oriole is one of the nicest birds in the grounds for looks, and has a pretty note. If you put the young in a cage the old birds will poison them.

C. M. C.

SCENE.—A Sunday School in Belleville.—Best girl in senior class allowed to choose the hymn to be sung.

Teacher:—Well, Bertha, what hymn do you wish to name?

B.:—Please sir, the one about the little bear.

Teacher:—Little Bear! What do you mean? What hymn is that?

B.:—Please sir, the one that says: "Can a mother's tender care cease towards the child she bare?"

SCENE:—Door-step of a house: Landlady just coming out when an itinerant fiddler accosts her: "Patronize the wandering minstrel, Kind lady": "Certainly not, one scraper at the door is quite enough."

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There was a young gaffer in Biddle,
Who determined to play on the
fiddle;

He drew a long bow,
With such firmness and go,
That it cut through his Strad in
the middle.

A Sum:—"Harold," said the teacher, "if your father can do a piece of work in seven days, and your uncle James can do it in nine days, how long would it take both of them to do it?"

"They'd never get it done," said Harold, "they'd sit down and talk about making fiddles."

Purple Grackles came, March 11th.

Cow Birds, March 13th.

LETTERS.

ST. LAWRENCE CO.,
March 8, 1894.

To the "Rockwood Review".—

I have seen the first number of your valuable paper, and I accept your invitation to send a question about a matter that causes me a great deal of worry, especially as it has to do with natural history. Our woodshed is troubled a great deal with cats, just as if it had the spasms, especially night times. Now, there is a great big Maltese cat that comes around every afternoon to see if things are all O. K. for the night; around her neck is a nice blue ribbon, and on it is the word "Tom," her name I suppose. How the other cats do skeddadle when that blue ribbon with "Tom's" fair neck is seen perambulating the peak of the woodshed, next to Smith's, the big one; not the one stupid black and white: it isn't painted at all. I would like to ask why the name is "Tom," and why they put a blue ribbon on her neck? She is so harmless, and always looks so innocent. "Tom" was on the fence the other day, picking her teeth with our buzz saw, and the fence didn't fall down either; but "Tom," it was n't nitroglycerine, or it was n't powder, it was n't anything, but "Tom," after she had got through, wiped her mouth, curled up her tail, cast a glance at her black hair, and away she went with a yelp after Smith's nice little brown cat, and chewed and chewed, till Smith's nice little brown cat could n't walk. It was a shame. Smith's nice little brown cat has n't been seen since. Now, what I want to know is, if there is a cat in the city that can match her? If there is, trot her out, for "Tom" is getting to be too much of a boss over the wood-

shed, and it ain't her's either.

I remain, dear Editors,

Yours, with great respect,
QUINTUS QUIGLEY.

The editors have had a consultation regarding your "Thomas," and in a future edition one of our associates will tell of a much more remarkable case. Last spring was a very favorable one for cats, and if we are not mistaken, the one you have, left here just about the close of the season; at least a cat answering to that description is missing. His or her absence is not mourned, but we can assure you that traps, dogs, &c., are useless in this case. Pass him or her on to the back yard of your deadliest enemy.

HATCHLEY,

March 7, 1894.

Dear Editors.—Many thanks for the "Rockwood Review." We are now having the semblance of spring, and maple sugar making is in full blast, and some of the migrant bir is have arrived. A few Blue birds were singing around here all last Sunday, (4th), and a Robin came and voiced his cheerful calls in our garden yestermorn, the 6th. The thermometer was 60 degrees in the shade, and thunder was heard on Monday. Toward the gloaming of the day of the great snow storm of the 12th ult., a vast flock of snow buntings swirled around over our stacks of hay and straw, and seemed disposed to roost there. Like stormy Petrels the birds are an integer or "gilt edging" to the phenomena, and their twittering was as energetic and defiant, and kept time with the pulsations of the furious gale. The presence of the birds in winter evenings' gloom, lent a certain degree of fascination to the whole scene.

A friend of mine at Norwich has two birds in a cage, that were captured in his barn two months ago, among a flock of English Sparrows. Some say they are instances of melanism, but I must go to see them, as I think they are Grackles of some species. They are quite content in their cage, and eat and associate with the Sparrows.

Yours truly,
W. YATES.

OUR PET PIGEON.

Although virtue is its own reward, there are cases where the reward comes in a very marked way, as in the return one gets for showing a little kindness, even sometimes from the lower animals, as the subject of this little story will illustrate. Our Pet Pigeon is one of the fancy kind known as Owls; two of them were hatched Oct. 14th, 1890. On Oct. 16, they were doing well. On Oct. 19, trouble began to show itself in the little family; the weather was gradually growing colder, however, by warming them in my hands, they improved during the day. Oct. 20, young Owls nearly dead, I found them in the middle of our loft floor, the old birds had deserted the nest, as they will do if the young do not thrive. Although there was signs of life in them, they were like a cold piece of putty, while later in the day they grew worse. I was about leaving them to their fate, when I described the state of affairs to a gentleman interested in bipeds, and also in Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene. He suggested as a "dénier resort," to remove them to some warm place, and heat them up, and if I persevered enough, might add another feather to my cap by saving the life of two valuable birds. I undertook the job with zeal, and

resolved to give my whole time and attention to their salvation. I procured a suitable vessel to make a nest in, of cotton wool, and gradually warmed the little squeakers, (as the very young Pigeons are called,) over a radiator, and managed to resuscitate them; then, leaving the cage in a warm place for the night, hoped for the best in the morning. On visiting them at 6 o'clock, found them still living. This inspired me with hope. Oct. 22nd, young Owls still alive, (as per my diary), but not doing well. I thought this was caused by gas coming from coal, burning in a boiler room adjoining. I put them there for heat, but I afterward kept the cage in my bed-room at night, and in as warm a place as I could during the day. Oct. 26th, I had been feeding them by hand, and even by my mouth, as is done to imitate the way the parent birds feed their young, and succeeded so well that I brought the old birds down, and although confined to a small cage, in a strange place, they recognized their offspring, and seeing their renewed vitality, proceeded to feed them. But as is often the case, the weaker bird keeps failing, and the stronger one improving, so in this—our future pet bird thrived, the other succumbed. However, I claimed that I had won success in saving the best bird, and watched its gradual growth into a fully developed Pigeon, independent of any special care, for it takes great care of itself, picking and pluming itself, and performing its ablutions in a large bath, scattering the water in all directions. After this, I gradually lost sight of it among the multitude of other Pigeons we have. But not so my former patient with

[to be continued]

PUZZLE COLUMN.

RIDDLE ME KEE.

My first is in mouse, but not in rat;
my second is in dog, but not in cat;
my third is in window, but not in
room;

My fourth is in stick, but not in
broom;

My fifth is in field, but not in lawn;
my sixth is in barley, but not in
corn;

My whole is an admiral.

ENIGM.

My first is in star, but not in sun;
my 2nd.....joke.....pun;
my 3rd.....cake.....head;
my 4th.....nickel.....lead;
my 5th.....crow.....wren;
my 6th.....fowl.....hen;
my 7th.....road.....way;
my 8th.....island.....bay;
my 9th.....circle.....ball;
my 10th.....large.....small;
my 11th.....love.....hate;
my 12th.....twin.....mate;
my 13th.....sweet.....sour;
my 14th.....walk.....hour;

My whole is a monthly publica-
tion, which is sure to meet with
approbation.

My first is a place where ships
may harbor.

My second is a part of the face.

My whole is a small village in
Ontario.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- A word of five letters.
- To express grief.
The name of a Highland clan.
A word of five letters.
 - To express pleasure.
A term of land measure.
A viscid secretion.
A square word of four letters.
My first belongs to man and beast.
 - My second is a unit on lease,
My third is a mountain in the
East.
My fourth is black, and very
black.

My whole you would not wish
to lack.

Answers to word puzzles in
March number of "Rockwood Re-
view":—

No. 1: Mag-nan-i-mous.
A-non-y-mous.

Sy-non-y-mous.

No. 2: Teak,—take,—Kate.

No. 3: Lead,—Adel,—deal,—
dale,—lade.

No. 5: Med-i-ate. Ex-cor-
i-ate.

No. 6: Ac-cent-u-ate. Ex-
ten-u-ate.

No. 7: Table, bleat.

No. 8: Regal, lager,

No. 9: A word of five letters.

To improve knowledge.

To act with dishonesty.

Teach, Cheat.

This puzzle, which was not num-
bered, was overlooked in sending
the answers to the others.

Answer to square word puzzle:—

EVIL,

VILE,

ILEV,

LEVI.

Mar. 12.—Chipmonks came out
of their holes.

Mar. 15.—The Pierrepoint cross-
ed to Garden Island.

Mar. 18.—Kildeer Plover and
Redwinged Blackbirds here.

Mar. 19.—The ice broken up and
navigation fully opened.